Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes. One, two, three[3],—Time, time !

[Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.

SCENE III. An Ante-Chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

I *LORD.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

CLO. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *LORD.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

CLO. Winning would put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not ?

1 *LORD,* Day, my lord.

CLO. I would this musick would come: I am advised to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven ; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare Ms eye.* STEEVENS.

It is well' known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark. Our poet says of the crow, (a bird whose properties resemble very much those of the raven,) in his Troilus and Cressida:

" O Cressida, but that the busy day "Wak'd
by the lark, has rous'd the ribbald crows—."

HEATH.

[3] One, two., three,] Our author is often careless in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was *almost midnight.* lachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes;—yet we are now told that it is *three* o'clock, MALONE.